



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# The Front Door



👁 16 ✓ 0 ⭐ 2

## Chapter 1 by Shadowdancer

I opened the front door to the school, holding it so some students walk in before me. Just as I walk in, I realize, how long since I walked through a front door? I didn't even do it yesterday when we came back from our Spring break "trip". We went through the side door from the garage.

I have jumped around Europe this past week, and I haven't really walked through a front door. Not through any opening that would make sense.

I might have a little problem.

Also, then I realize, THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE!

Yeah, I have a problem.

I push the thought out of my mind and walk through the crowds of loud students in the common square. There is a feeling in my back, was it tension? Or just the opposite? But whatever it was, I wanted to get out of this form, to one made of air and blackness, so I didn't have to use the front door anymore. Going through ceilings is so accelerating.

"Hey! Ethan! Where have you been?" The boy that I forgot his name comes up to me, that baseball cap that backwards on his head, trying to be cool.

"Europe in fact."

Want to continue reading? [Join Story Wars](#)

The War should have been over.

See more of Story Wars

You look different today.

Login

or

Create new account

I think he's been drinking again.

I have to really worry about it because of course it will change and it will hopefully change back.

The feeling is going down my arms, that I want to escape.

I have been in that form for way to long.

"It's fine," I realize that I left the boy hanging in silence.

"You went to Europe huh? Where did you go?"

"Germany, Austria, Switzerland."

"Was it fun?"

I rub my head. Fun? Almost getting myself killed twenty times could be fun. Being in a bad ass form is really fun.

"I guess so."

"Bring me there next time." The boy moved his hat a little but it still looked dorky. "I want to get out of this place."

I couldn't help but laugh. "I don't think you will be able too."

"Oh come on man." The boy punched me in the shoulder.

"I need to get to class."

"Yeah, lucky you get to go to Europe anytime to want."

I laughed again and walked to my next class.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

**i You need to login before writing - click here**

Continue the story



See more of Story Wars

Write a comment...

Login

or

Create new account

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(c507f772dba2b921f86777f01218e570\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(a75296508989caaa77a08d26cfccd4e5\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(55463e2fc8fd9dd5cdf6584182081aba\_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)